

A N
E P I S T L E

F R O M

WILLIAM Lord *RUSSEL*,

T O

WILLIAM Lord *CAVENDISH*.

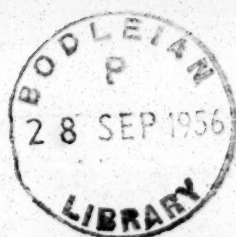
Inimicus & Invisus Tyrannis.



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Some PARTICULARS of the POLITICAL CONDUCT of
Lord RUSSEL.

LORD RUSSEL, though heir to the greatest fortune in the kingdom, yet esteeming the meanest freeman to be his equal; so disinterested, that he never accepted any office of profit or power under government, was the most popular man in *England*. From principle and reasoning, more than from natural vigour of sentiment, he assumed the high tone of opposition to arbitrary power; and therefore the higher praise was due to him. When *Charles II.* disappointed the bill of exclusion, Lord *Russel* said, "If my father had advised the measure, I would have been the first to impeach him." But what he only said, *Essex* and *Sidney* would have done.

By long society in party, the sentiments of these men in politics had come to be the same; and, as often happens to men of similar sentiments, they believed that their objects were the same too, although they were very different. *Russel*, *Essex*, and *Hampden*, intended to make no further use of an insurrection, than to exclude the Duke of *York*, and to fix the barriers of the constitution with precision. *Sidney* aimed at the destruction of monarchy, and on its ruins to found that republic, which in imagination he adored. *Monmouth* hoped, amidst public distractions, to pave a way for himself to the throne. *Howard*, with luxurious eloquence and wit, adopted the views of each particular person, and incited all to vigour and action, feeling at moments what they felt through life.

Although these persons disliked *Shaftesbury*, they all, except *Sidney*, who scorned the intercourse, entered into a communication of measures with him, because they stood in need of his vast party in the city, which was as daring as himself. *Shaftesbury*'s only motive was revenge.

Col. *Rumsey*, Lieut. Col. *Walcot*, and others, forming a kind of subordinate conspiracy, proposed to assassinate the King in his way from *Newmarket*. *Rumbold*, one of their number, possessed a farm on that road, called the *Rye-house*, whence the conspiracy was denominated the *Rye-house* plot. They agreed to stop the King's coach, by overturning a cart in the highway at this place, and to

shoot him from the hedges. It was likewise determined that his guards should be engaged by forty horse under *Walcot*, while *Rumsey* should perpetrate the assassination. In the midst of their deliberations, the palace in which the King resided at *Newmarket* taking fire, he quitted the place sooner than he intended, so that their intentions of destroying him on his return to *London* were defeated.

One *Keiling*, who had been in the conspiracy, having arrested the Mayor of *London*, for which he was in danger of a prosecution, to procure his pardon discovered the plot to the ministry. *Rumsey*, and *West*, a lawyer, no sooner understood that this man had informed against them, than they agreed to save their lives by turning King's evidences, and surrendered themselves accordingly. Warrants were now issued against the chiefs of the conspiracy.

Lord *Russel* was the first of the great who was ordered to be searched for. He was taken into custody by a messenger who had walked long before his door; whether from accident, or from the man's desire to let him escape, is uncertain. He was found neither preparing for flight, nor hiding himself, but sitting in his study.— So soon as he was in custody, he gave up all hopes of life, knowing how obnoxious he was to the Duke of *York*; and only studied to die with decency and dignity. When brought before the council, he refused to answer any thing that might affect others. With regard to himself, he confessed some things with candour; and, in denying others, shewed what difficulty a man of strict honour finds, to distinguish between concealing truth, and expressing a falsehood.

Effex was at his country-house when he heard the fate of his friend, and could have made his escape; but, when pressed to make it by those around him, he answered, "His own life was not worth saving, if, by drawing suspicion upon Lord *Russel*, it could bring his life into danger." *Monmouth* had absconded; but actuated by the same generous motive with *Effex*, he sent a message to *Russel*, when he heard he was seized, "That he would surrender himself, and share his fate, if his doing so could be of use to him." *Russel* answered in these words, "It will be no advantage to me to have my friends die with me." The anxiety of *Howard*, who ran every where, and to every body, denying the truth of the plot, and protesting his innocence, drew a suspicion upon him.— He was found hid in a chimney, covered with soot; a lurking-hole suited to its inhabitant. He shook, sobbed, and fell a crying. When brought before the King and council, he, for a while, maintained

maintained a silence, the effect of stupor, and which was at first mistaken for fortitude. But when he recovered himself, he desired to speak in private with the King and Duke; and, falling on his knees to them, poured out all he knew. In consequence of his information, *Essex*, *Sydney*, *Hampden*, *Armstrong*, and many others, were seized.

Walcot, *Rouse*, with another of the intended assassins, having been previously tried and condemned, in order, by bringing the assassination immediately before the eye of the public, to raise the public horror, and afterwards to confound in that horror, the insurrection with the assassination, Lord *Russel* was brought next to his trial; the sighs of his country attending him. The King and Duke, from a curiosity unworthy of their rank, had gone to the Tower, on the morning of his trial, to see him pass. *Essex* was at that time confined to the same chamber of the Tower, from which his father, Lord *Capel*, had been led to death, and in which his wife's grandfather, Lord *Northumberland*, had inflicted a voluntary death upon himself. When he saw his friend carried to what he reckoned certain fate, their common enemies enjoying the spectacle; and reflected, that it was he who had forced Lord *Howard* upon the confidence of *Russel*, he retired, and by a *Roman* death put an end to his misery.

When *Russel* came into court, he desired a delay of his trial until next day, because some of his witnesses could not arrive in town before the evening. *Sawyer*, the attorney-general, with an inhumane repartee, answered, "But you did not intend to have granted the King the delay of one hour for saving his life;" and refused his consent. *Russel* having asked leave of the court, that notes of the evidence, for his use, might be taken by the hand of another; the attorney-general, in order to prevent him from getting the aid of counsel, told him, he might use the hand of one of his servants in writing if he pleased. "I ask none, answered the prisoner, but that of the Lady who sits by me." When the spectators at these words turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous *Southampton*, rising up to assist her Lord in this his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. But when, in his defence, he said, "There can be no rebellion *now*, as in former times, for there are *now* no great men left in *England*," a pang of a different nature was felt by those who thought for the public.—*Howard* was the chief witness against him. *Russel*, respecting their common relation, heard him without signs of emotion; tho' when

when the report of Lord *Essex's* death was brought into court, and being whispered from ear to ear, at last reached his, he burst into tears. Soon after, Lord *Howard*, while he pronounced the name of Lord *Essex*, pretending to cry for his memory, at a time when he was, without concern, bringing death on his surviving friend, made the contrast between genuine and affected passion, virtue and dishonour, complete.

Russel, in the conduct of his defence, did not avow the intended insurrection, lest it might hurt his friends who remained to be tried; nor deny it, lest it should injure his own honour. Hence it was thought by many, that his appearance at his trial did not correspond with the former lustre of his life; but those who knew his situation saw, that he chose to make the small remains of his life rather useful to others than glorious to himself. The proof against him was not so strong as might have been expected, yet the jury found him guilty. *Treby*, the recorder, who had been embarked deeply with Lord *Shaftesbury* in his schemes in the city, was mean enough, instead of throwing up his office, to pronounce sentence of death upon his associate, and even to argue against an arrest of judgement. Yet *Russel* reproached him not, lest his reproaches might bring mischief upon others.

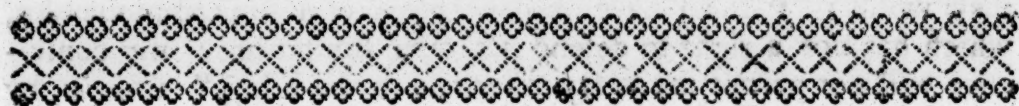
Russel, during his trial, at his death, and in a more severe test of his fortitude than either, parting with his wife and infant-children, and with his friend Lord *Cavendish*, preserved the dignity of his rank and character. With a deep and noble silence; with a long and fixed look, in which respect and affection, unmingled with passion, were expressed, Lord and Lady *Russel* parted for ever; he great in this last action of his life, but she greater. His eyes followed hers, while she quitted the room; and when he lost sight of her, turning to the clergyman who attended him, he said, "The bitterness of death is now past." The observation was just: for the fate of the survivor was more hapless, who, though she seemed to assume pride from her condition in public, lost her eye-sight by weeping in private; and calling often for death, could never find it, until an extreme old age [87] laid her for ever by the partner of her soul. Lord *Cavendish* offered to manage his escape, by changing cloaths with him in prison, and continuing, at all hazards, in his place. He refused, happy that he had equalled, not surpassed, his friend in generosity.

Being flattered with hopes of life by some divines, if he would acknowledge to the King, that he believed subjects had, in no case
whatever,

whatever, a right of resistance against the throne, he answered in these words: "I can have no conception of a limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations: my conscience will not permit me to say otherwise to the King." *Charles*, by the advice of the Duke, refused 100,000*l.* offered by the old *Earl of Bedford* for his son's life; an advice which the Duke had afterwards reason to repent. *Charles* felt not for an object far more affecting, the daughter of the virtuous *Southampton* motionless at his feet.—*Charles*, even at signing the warrant for the death of Lord *Russel*, marked a remembrance of former injuries: for, alluding to *Russel*'s having been one of those who, in the heat of party, during the prosecution of the popish plot, had disputed the King's prerogative of dispensing with the more ignominious part of the sentence of treason, pronounced against Lord *Stafford*, he said, "Lord *Russel* shall find, that I am possessed of that prerogative, which in the case of Lord *Stafford* he thought fit to deny me."—Immediately before he was conveyed to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying, with a smile, "Now I have done with time, and henceforth think solely of eternity."

The execution was performed in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, in order that the citizens might be humbled by the spectacle of their once triumphant leader, carried in his coach to death through the city (attended by *Tillotson* and *Burnet*); a device that, like most others of the kind, produced an effect contrary to what was intended: the weeping multitude imagined they beheld Virtue and Liberty sitting by his side. In passing, he looked towards *Southampton-house*; the tear started into his eye, but he instantly wiped it away. He prayed for the King; but, with a prescience of what afterwards happened, he foretold, "That, altho' a cloud hung now over the nation, his death would do more service than his life could have done."

On the scaffold he presented a paper to the sheriffs, expressing his zeal against popery, and protesting his own innocence with respect to any design against the King's life; then, without the least change of countenance, calmly submitted to the stroke of the executioner.



TO THE
READER.

THE Epistle from whence the following Poem is taken, is supposed to have been written by Lord RUSSEL on *Friday* Night the 20th of *July*, 1683, in *Newgate*; that Prison having been the Place of his Confinement for some Days immediately preceding his Execution.



A N

E P I S T L E, &c.

INIMICUS & INVISUS TYRANNIS.

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high:
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound:
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, *Cavendish*, to Thee!
Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths to praise;
When leagu'd with patriots we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws;
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide:—
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous soul with tales of woe.
No! view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd.

B

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! with what pride the moment I recal!
 Who wou'd not with so honour'd thus to fall?
 When *England's* Genius, hov'ring o'er, inspir'd
 Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd;
 (Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
 Minions of pow'r, and worshippers of gain)
 To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,
 And shield three nations from tyrannic sway:
 'Twas then my *Ca'ndish* caught the glorious flame,
 The happy omen of his future fame.
 Adorn'd by nature, perfected by art,
 The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart;
 His words deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
 Had pow'r to make e'en Liberty more dear:
 While I, unskill'd in oratory's lore,
 Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs o'er,
 In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd,
 Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd:
 Justice prevail'd.—Yes, Justice, let me say,
 Well poiz'd her scales on that auspicious day.
 The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
 Nor trusts his flock to try th' unequal war:
 What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
 And check the fire that flashes from his eyes;
 Should once his barb'rous fangs the fold invade,
 Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid;
 Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
 His jaws distend, his fiery eye-balls glare;

While

While ghastly desolation stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now mem'ry fail, nor let my mind revolve,
How *England's* Peers annull'd the just resolve;
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low.
Degen'rate Nobles! yes, by heav'n I swear,
Had *Bedford's* self appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart the exclusion of apostate *James*,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

SUCH the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor tyranny controul;
While free they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now:
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious virtue is its own reward.

VAIN then is force, and vain each subtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost thoughts, consult thy own:
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd

Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But banish *James*, or *England* is no more.

FRIENDSHIP her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair :
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb,
Zeal for my country's freedom was my crime :
'Ere meet that pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
Charles be a faint, and *James* his nature change.

PRESS'D by my friends, and *Rachel*'s* fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires ?)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd ;
I su'd—the weak attempt I blush to own,
I su'd for mercy prostrate at the throne.
Oh blot the foible out, my noble friend !
With human firmness, human feelings blend.
When love's endearments softest moments seize,
And love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall,
(Thou can'st conceive, for thou hast felt them all)
Let him resist their prevalence who can :
He must indeed be more or less than man.

YET let me yield my *Rachel* honour due,
The tend'rest wife, the noblest heroine too ;
Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame ;

* His Lady, daughter of the Earl of *Southampton*.

When suppliant pray'rs no pardon could obtain,
 And, wond'rous strange! e'en *Bedford's* gold prov'd
 vain ;

Th' informer's part her gen'rous soul abhorr'd,
 Tho' life preserv'd had been the sure reward.
 Let impious *Howard* act such treach'rous scenes,
 And shrink from death by such opprobrious means,

O my lov'd *Rachel*! name for ever dear,
 Not writ, not spoke, not thought without a tear ;
 Whose heav'nly virtues and unfading charms
 Have blest'd through happy years my peaceful arms ;
 Parting with Thee, into my cup was thrown
 Its harsh'est dregs, else had not forc'd a groan :
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last,
 And now the bitterness of death is past.

BURNET and *Tillotson*, with pious care,
 My fleeting soul for heav'nly bliss prepare ;
 Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
 Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day ;
 Charm'd as of old, when *Israel's* prop'et sung,
 Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue ;
 While the great Bard sublimest truths explor'd,
 Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
 So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
 Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But

But when descending from the sacred theme
 Of boundless pow'r and excellence supreme,
 They would for man and his precarious throne
 Exact obedience due to heav'n alone;
 Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
 And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands:—
 The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
 And rising passion speaks me still a man.

WHAT! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
 And stop the source whence all his pow'r he draws;
 His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
 Lavish for wealth, yet stipulate for pay;
 To shameful falsehoods venal slaves suborn,
 And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn;
 Deride religion, justice, honour, fame,
 And hardly know of honesty the name;
 In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
 And only toil to forge his subjects chains;
 And shall he hope the public voice to drown?
 The voice which gave and can resume his crown.
 When conscience bears her horrors, and the dread
 Of sudden vengeance bursting o'er his head,
 Wrings his black soul; when injur'd nations groan,
 And cries of millions shake his tott'ring throne;
 Shall flatt'ring churchmen sooth his guilty ears,
 With tortur'd texts, to sooth his growing fears?
 Exalt his pow'r above th' etherial climes,
 And call down Heav'n to sanctify his crimes.

Oh impious doctrine! servile priests away,
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

HAPLESS the monarch, who in evil hour
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless pow'r;
The magic potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamant chains:
Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
The wild delirium each fresh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful servants supplicate in vain;
He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

ZEAL your pretence, but wealth and pow'r your aims,
You e'en could make a *Solomon* of *James*;
Behold the pedant thron'd in aukward state,
Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great;
His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice *the voice of God*.
Weakness and vanity with them combine,
And *James* believes his Majesty divine.
Presumptuous wretch! almighty pow'r to scan,
When ev'ry action proves thee less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you a Royal *Charles* has bled:
Teach then, ye sycophants, O teach his son
The gloomy paths of Tyranny to shun;

Teach

Teach him to prize religion's sacred claim,
 Teach him how virtue leads to honest fame?
 How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
 Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
 Point to his view his people's love alone,
 The solid basis of the steadfast throne;
 Chosen by them, their dearest rights to guard,
 The bad to punish, and the good reward;
 Clement and just, let him the sceptre sway,
 And willing subjects shall with pride obey;
 Shall vie to execute his just commands,
 His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their hands.

HAPPY the Prince, thrice firmly fix'd his crown,
 Who builds on public good his chaste renown;
 Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
 His people's int'rest and his own the same.
 The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
 And thus heav'n's high prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
 O'er all the land its gladd'ning influence sheds;
 Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies th' indignant shore;
 His ministers with joy their courses run,
 And borrow lustre from the Royal Sun.

BUT should some upstart, train'd in slav'ry's school,
 Learn'd in the maxims of despotic rule;

Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
 Myſterious cloak the mind's defects to hide;
 Sordid in ſmall things, prodigal in great,
 Saving for millions, ſquand'ring for the ſtate:—
 Should ſuch a miſcreant, born for *England's* bane,
 Obſcure the glories of a proſp'rous reign;
 Gain, by the ſemblance of each praiſeful art,
 A pious Prince's unſuſpecting heart;
 Envious of worth and talents not his own,
 Chafe all experienc'd merit from the throne:
 To guide the helm a motley crew compoſe,
 Servile to him, the King and country's foes;
 Meanly deſcend each paltry place to fill
 With tools of pow'r and pandars to his will;
 Brandiſhing high the ſcorpion ſcourge o'er all,
 Except ſuch ſlaves as bow the knee to *Baal*:
 Should *Albion's* fate decree the baneful hour,
 Short be the date of his deteſted pow'r;
 Soon may his ſov'reign break his iron rods,
 And hear his people,—for their voice is *God's*!

CEASE then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers, ceaſe,
 Suffer your rulers to reſoſe in peace;
 By reaſon led, give proper names to things,
God made them men, the people made them Kings;
 To all their acts but legal pow'rs belong,
 Thus *England's* Monarch never can do wrong.

Of right divine let foolish *Filmer* dream,
The public welfare is the law supreme.

LIVES there a wretch, whose base, degen'rate soul
Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul?
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
In galling chains that binds his native land;
Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
Abandon all his ancestors held dear;
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
England's great charter, made a ruffian's spoil;
Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd country groan,
Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne.
Let such to Freedom forfeit all their claims,
And *Charles's* minions be the slaves of *James*.

BUT soft a while.—Now *Cavendish* attend
The warm effusions of thy dying friend;
Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heav'n he makes his last appeal.

ALL-GRACIOUS GOD, whose goodness knows no
bounds,
Whose pow'r the ample universe furrounds;
In whose great balance, infinitely just,
Kings are but men, and men are only dust;
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
And here condemn'd, on Thee for mercy calls;
Thou hear'st not, LORD, an hypocrite complain,
And sure with Thee hypocrisy were vain;

To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
 Thou know'st my sins, and knowing still canst spare.
 Tho' partial pow'r its ministers may awe,
 And murder here by specious forms of law ;
 The axe which executes the harsh decree,
 Wounds but the flesh to set the spirit free :
 Well may the man a tyrant's frowns despise,
 Who, spurning earth, to heav'n for refuge flies,
 And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
 Builds his firm trust, that rock shall never fail.

HEAR, then, *Jehovah*, hear thy servant's pray'r,
 Be *England's* welfare thy peculiar care ;
 Defend her laws, her worship chaste and pure,
 And guard her rights while earth and heav'n endure.
 O let not ever fell tyrannic Sway,
 His blood-stain'd standard on her shore display ;
 Nor fiery zeal usurp thy holy name,
 Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame.
 In vain let Slav'ry shake her threat'ning chain,
 And Persecution wave her torch in vain.
 Arise, O LORD, and hear thy people's call,
 Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall.
 O that my blood may glut the barb'rous rage
 Of Freedom's foes, and *England's* ills assuage ;
 Grant but that pray'r, I ask for no repeal,
 A willing victim to my country's weal ;
 With rapt'rous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
 And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow.

BUT should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human
 gore,
 Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more ;
 And arm'd from *Rome*, seek this devoted land,
 Death in her eyes, and bondage in her hand ;
 Blast her fell purpose, blast her foul desires,
 Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires ;
 Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
 The sacred compact by which monarchs reign ;
 Wise to foresee all dangers from afar,
 And brave to meet the thunders of the war :
 Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
 And love of Freedom fill his gen'rous mind ;
 Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,
 Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe.
 While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
 Do Thou, thou great deliv'rer, shield from harm ;
 Inspire his councils, aid his righteous sword,
 'Till *Albion* rings with Liberty restor'd ;
 Thence let her years in bright succession run,
 And Freedom reign co-eval with the sun.

'Tis done, my *Ca'ndish* ;——Heav'n has heard my
 pray'r ;—
 So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To *Belgia's* coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
 That happy coast whence all your hopes arise;
 Behold thy Prince, perhaps thy future King,
 From whose green years maturest blessings spring;
 Whose youthful arm, when all-o'er-whelming pow'r
 Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
 With firm-brac'd nerves repell'd the brutal force,
 And stopp'd th' unweildy giant in his course.
 Great WILLIAM hail! who sceptres could despise,
 And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes!
 O when will Princes learn to copy thee,
 And leave mankind, as heav'n ordain'd them, free.
 Haste, mighty Chief; our injur'd rights restore,
 Quick spread thy sails for *Albion's* longing shore.
 Haste, mighty Chief, e'er millions groan enslav'd,
 And add three realms to one already sav'd.
 While Freedom lives, thy mem'ry shall be dear,
 And reap fresh honours each returning year;
 Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
 And endless ages bless thy glorious name.
 Then shall my *Ca'ndish*, foremost in the field,
 By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous weild;
 While willing legions croud around his carr,
 And rush impetuous to the righteous war;
 On that great day be ev'ry chance defy'd,
 And think thy *Russel* combats by thy side;
 Nor, crown'd with vict'ry, cease thy gen'rous toil,
 'Till firmest peace secures this happy isle.

NE'ER let thine honest, open heart believe
 Professions specious, form'd but to deceive ;
 Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
 But, Oh, reject the base, the flatt'ring tale !
 Think not that promises or oaths can bind
 With solemn ties a *Rome*-devoted mind ;
 Which yields to all the holy juggler faith ;
 And deep imbibes the bloody-damning faith.
 What tho' the bigot raise to heav'n his eyes,
 And call th' Almighty witness from the skies ;
 Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
 To plant the *Roman* cross on *England's* shores,
 All, all will vanish ; while his priests applaud,
 And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.
 Far let him fly these freedom breathing climes,
 And seek proud *Rome*, the fost'rer of his crimes ;
 There let him strive to mount the papal chair,
 And scatter empty thunders in the air ;
 Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
 And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.
 Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,
 While heaven's bright mansions open to my view.

YET still one care, one tender care remains,
 My bounteous friend relieve a father's pains :
 Watch o'er my son, inform his waxen youth,
 And mould his mind to virtue and to truth ;

Soon

Soon let him learn fair Liberty to prize,
 And envy him who for his country dies;
 In one short sentence, to comprize the whole,
 Infuse in his, the virtues of thy soul.
 Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
 Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend:
 Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
 Proceed and prosper in the glorious cause;
 While I, tho' vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
 But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

LET princely *Monmouth* courtly wiles beware,
 Nor trust too far to fond paternal care:
 Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
 Heav'n only knows how noble *Effex* fell!
Sidney yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
 Ranges at large thro' systems unconfin'd;
 Wrapt in himself he scorns the tyrant's pow'r,
 And hurls defiance even from the Tow'r;
 With tranquil brow awaits th' unjust decree,
 And arm'd with Virtue, seeks to follow me.
Can'dish, farewell!—may fame our names entwine,
 Thro' life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine;
 With pious right let dust to dust be thrown,
 And thus inscribe my monumental stone.

HERE *RUSSEL* lies, enfranchis'd by the grave;
 He priz'd his birth-right, nor would live a slave.
 Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
 Dear were his friends, his country still more dear;

In parents, children, wife, supremely blest,
 But that one passion swallow'd all the rest;
 To guard her freedom was his only pride,
 Such was his love,—and for that love he dy'd.
 Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
 Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise.
 For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
 And think'st, perhaps, his suff'rings were too great)
 Blest as he was, at her imperial call,
 Wife, children, parents, he resign'd them all;
 Each fond affection then forsook his soul,
 And *Amor Patriæ* occupy'd the whole.
 In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
 Bless'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

THE hour draws near—but what are hours to me?
 Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish'd flee;
 Time and his glass unheeded pass away,
 Abforb'd and lost in one vast flood of day;
 On Freedom's wings my soul is born on high,
 And soars, exulting, to its native sky.



F I N I S

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